

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

"Uncle Harry, may I be your sweetheart?" asked Marian Sterling, lifting her big brown eyes to mine, with all the innocent frankness of her eight years of maidenhood.

"Indeed you may," I cried, stooping to lift her to my knee.

"No," she said, drawing back, "if I am your sweetheart I mustn't sit on your lap, but beside you. You may kiss me, though, all the same, and call me May, and I will call you Harry. Mamma says you are not really our uncle, but we call you so because we love you."

"Quite true," I answered; "but if you are not to love me when you are my sweetheart, I shall retire."

"O, but I will! You see, Agnes has Tom Irving to love her, and Janet has Tracy Hill. I tried very hard, but failed, to get Tracy Hill to love me; then I thought of you, and perhaps you would bring me flowers, and tell me I added to their beauty by wearing them, and sugar-plums, and say my lips were sweeter than sugar almonds, and take me to walk and to ride, and always, always be lovely to me."

"But," I asked, gravely, "what are you to give me?"

"O, I will work you a pair of slippers when I am big enough, and I'll kiss some of the sugar-plums, and let you eat them, and I'll wear the flowers, and if there is any song you like very much I will practice it, and learn it, if the accompaniment is not too hard."

"All right. It's a bargain. You are my little sweetheart, and I your devoted adorer from this day," I cried.

"But it seems to me, May, that for a lady of your age you know a good deal about the sweetheart question."

"Well, you see, uncle—no; you're not my uncle any more."

"Dear Harry," I suggested.

"Dear Harry, you see there is the drawing-room, and there is the parlor; and if Tom Irving comes while Agnes is in the parlor, she says, 'Run up stairs, May, that's a good girl'; and when I get to the drawing-room I see Tracy Hill kissing Jane, and he mutters, 'There's that child again'; and I run into the kitchen, and Molly has John McCoy there; and I can't help seeing them all," she added piteously.

"Exactly. And I think you are a very sensible child to start a courtship of your own. Will you allow me to drive you to the grove this afternoon, Miss Marian?" I added, with my very best society bow.

"Thank you, dear Harry," she said, with demure gravity. "I will go with pleasure."

So we commenced our flirtation, and never had any man a more piquant, lovelier little sweetheart than I, Harry Montgomery, had for the three years I remained at Maxwellburg, the village in which the Sterlings were leading people.

Mr. Sterling and my father had been friends for many years, and when I finished my medical studies Mr. Sterling let me know there was a good opening for me at Maxwellburg, and a warm welcome at his house, where Mrs. Sterling and the three girls made me at once "like one of the family."

My call-love in its entirety and devotion was given to Janet, until I found she had a previous attachment, and I was dolorously weeping over the fact when Marian generously came to the rescue.

"What pleasant days we have, dear Harry!" she said to me, when we were picnicking in the woods; "all the girls think I have the nicest beau in the world. And nobody has any idea who it is who helps me with my French and German, and shows me all about my Latin, and I go up over their heads because you make all my lessons so easy. It's not cheating if I really study all the same, and do all my sums and exercises myself, is it?"

"No," I said truthfully, for the child's own eager thirst for knowledge and hard work gave me only the pleasure of simplifying some of her lessons and defining some of the "hard words."

But when I had been nearly four years at Maxwellburg my father obtained for me a diplomatic appointment in Germany, and there was a heart-breaking parting.

"It is not the drives and rides, and rowing and flowers and candies, I'm crying for," sobbed my little sweetheart, "though Agnes pretends it is. It is because I'm going to lose you. You don't believe I love you just for those things, do you, dear Harry?"

"No, my little love," I said; "I believe you love me with all your pure young heart."

"I do! I do! You will come back?"

"Yes, but I shall find you a grown-up young lady, with a dozen lovers."

"No, I'll have no other lover. If you marry, I shall die! And here is my ivory-type, and a curl of my hair, and I want yours."

I readily promised the exchange, and went to Germany, the ivory-type and curl set in a locket—the face promising rare beauty of the golden haired, brown-eyed type.

We corresponded of course. At first the correspondence flourished, then it grew languid, finally died. I was engrossed with business and society; May was working through school, through society, and as a belle. Agnes and Janet, middle-aged matrons, left Marian the only daughter at home, and society was exacting. I heard of her brilliant beauty, a musician of great talent, and a bright sparkling conversationalist. I tried to fit this to my little sweetheart, and failed. I had lost my childish adorer.

But I was not fond of society, nor devoted to the duties of a cavalier. Perhaps Janet had left too deep a wound to heal, though I did not think so, when, ten years after our first meeting, I found her with a party of tourists, "doing the Continent," a loud-voiced, red-faced woman of fashion, who had left three little children at home while she displayed costly dresses and horrible French and German abroad. Tracy evidently preferred the society of the babies, as he was not one of the traveling party.

"Marian!" she said, when I inquired for all the home circle. "Why, Marian is in London. Didn't you know about Marian? Ah! Mrs. Agnew—good evening."

"Tell me," I entreated. "What about Marian? Is she married?"

"Bless me, no! Haven't even a beau, as far as I know. May is so prim—out for an old maid. And she'll be worse than ever now. Excuse me.—Mrs. Mahland is moving to the dressing-room, and I go in her carriage. Good

night. Do come and see us." And her escort came up, and she sailed away. And it was not until ten minutes later I remembered that I had not asked her for her address or Marian's.

I tried to repair this omission the next morning by visiting all the hotels and examining their registers. The only result was the assurance that the whole party had left Berlin that morning.

But the fates favored me. I dropped into a nice legacy, quite sufficient for the wants of a family of modest tastes, and I determined to go to England—home! It was a year since I had met Mrs. Hill in Germany. Was Marian still in London? My little sweetheart! Strange she had lingered always in my memory as the ideal woman of my bachelor fancy!

I determined to return at once and accept a long-standing invitation to visit my friend, Lord Loring, at his place, Loring Hall. I met with a most cordial welcome, and, arriving just before dinner-hour, Lord Loring hurried his own preparations, and came into the room assigned to me.

"What good wind," he exclaimed, "blew you into England?"

I told him of my legacy, my resignation of my position, and of my return home.

"But you are absolutely your own master for the present?" he asked.

"Yes. Nobody expects me at home, as I was returning on that most idiotic principle—a surprise."

"Join us, then! We all start next week for a jaunt through France, Spain, Italy, perhaps up the Nile. We are not bound by any route, by any promises. Westward a party of fourteen, every body at leave if he prefers another route.—We are to be joined by another party in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Ingelwood, Dr. Smith, and a Miss Marian Temple, who will probably prove the bore of the party."

"Why?"

"O, she is an old maid, a blue-stock, and a poet. I forgive her her novel, 'Irene'; but deliver me from a woman who writes verses and calls them 'Water-lilies.'"

"Now I should enjoy all the pleasures of novelty in meeting her," I exclaimed. "I have not one old maid on my visiting list, and I never had an hour's conversation with a novelist—or is it a novelist? You don't happen to have her books about you, do you?"

"You will find them on the library table, unless some one is reading them. There are several copies about, as most of our guests brought them."

I found them, as promised, on the library table, and after I got to my own room I opened the poems. The more I read, the more I was convinced that no old maid penned them. They were full of the fire, the genius, even the faults of youth, and some of them I seemed to have written myself. The leading one, "Water-lilies," brought back to me the lake where May and I had floated upon the transparent water, gathering the great, white, snowy treasures in profusion. I saw her sweet face dip into a great heap upon the floor of the boat and come up laughing, far sweeter than the most glorious blossoms there. Then I saw her in the soft white evening dress, with the lilies trailing from her soft curls upon her pretty dimpled childish shoulders, dancing gleefully, the only little girl in the room, and with an admirer wearing a moustache—her devoted admirer.

And here it was all in musical verse, with a refrain of regret for the child love gone forever.

It was far into the night when I slept, with the volume of "Water-lilies" tucked under my pillow, and at the first daylight I was picking out once more little scraps of memory—a drive we took to Marian's Falls, which Marian gravely assured me were named "years and years" before she was born; a walk we took, when I tucked up her curls in womanish fashion, and twisted in sweet-brier, being piteously reproached a few hours later with making her "pull every hair out with those horrid thorns;" a ride we took to Silver grove, where we pledged mutual faith and love in cups of lilies, and vowed eternal constancy. Page after page brought my sweetheart to me, till I reached out my locket from my despatch-box, and put it round my neck, ready for any emergency—ready to swear with as much truth as most lovers vow that it had never left my heart since her white hands first placed my treasure round my neck.

To Paris. We were en route at last. I knew my darling's verses by heart. I had read her novel twice, dreadfully disgusted both times by the fact that the heroine who had brown eyes and golden hair married a hero who bore not the faintest resemblance to me.

The party had engaged rooms for us at the hotel they were staying at, and one general drawing-room was to serve the entire party. Here, after making my dress an object of the most especial study, I went on the wings of love.

A lady stood by the window looking out, and I went forward timidly. She must be one of our party, or she would not be there. Her dress—a Parisian marvel of taste and simplicity—was that of a *jeune fille*; her figure was tall, graceful, and slender, and her golden hair was dressed with all the modern abominations; but she never stirred or turned until I stood close beside her, when she turned her full face to me.—My darling's face, with all the little baby curls on her forehead, all the sweet innocence in the big brown eyes. It utterly unmanned me. For a moment I could not speak; then I held out my trembling hands, almost whispering, "My little sweetheart!"

Her eyes grew soft, lustrous, dewy.

"You have not forgotten?" she said.

"I have never forgotten. No other has taken for one hour your place in my heart. But you, beautiful and famous, with your talent—"

"Hush!" she said, softly. "Who gave me any of the gift you call talent? You, who taught me that books were not merely dreadful repetitions invented to torment school girls, but preparations for future power and intellect; that lessons were not strings of words to be committed to memory, but stores of knowledge to be garnered and cherished. You roused my ambition, my hope, what power I have of expressing what my brain suggests."

"Hands!" I said, gaining possession of the hands she had released, "you have travelled, seen the world, had your con-

quests; can I, dare I hope I may still call you—"

She nestled into my bosom, her big eyes raised frankly to meet mine, and said, "Your little sweetheart, now and ever."

"How I meant to torment you!" she told me, later when, her soft, loving emotion over, her sauciness regained sway. "I intended to win you back by all the arts of coquetry, of jealousy—for I have a lover or two, sir—but my heart betrayed me when I saw your love in your eyes, and knew that you had been faithful all these long years. Dear father and mother will be delighted; but perhaps I ought to tell you Janey is a widow."

"Then you guessed that secret, too?"

"You big goose, you were the family laughing stock until I took pity on you."

"I'll believe as much as I please of that," I retorted. "You can never deny that you made the first advances."

GLEANINGS.

The salaries of West Virginia's supreme court judges are \$2,250 per each annum.

The students in Vanderbilt college, Nashville, have adopted the "bristol board" caps.

The cattle business in Northern California and Oregon is in a flourishing condition at present, prices being higher than for a number of years past.

A Connecticut Dogberry, when he heard that Florida oranges were going a-begging, immediately issued a warrant against them under the vagrancy act.

Maryland has enacted a law giving wife-beaters forty lashes, twelve months imprisonment, or both, according to the discretion of the court.

The Chinese are invading British Columbia and it is rumored that railway contractors procure them on terms that are but a slight remove from slavery.

A letter-carrier in Meriden, Conn., whose wife has inherited \$60,000, still goes his rounds, although the postmaster has several applications for his place.

There is a rumor in England that the Princess Beatrice is to be married to the Earl of Fife, who is a handsome, clever, and unusually agreeable young man.

The laundry-women at Paterson, N. J., being on a strike, the Patersonians took their clothes to Chinese laundries, but the Chinamen chivalrously refused to accept the work.

Choung Chi Lung, a Chinaman measuring 8 feet 2 inches in his stocking-feet, and weighing 500 pounds, has arrived in New York. He will be on exhibition there for some time.

The pawnbrokers of New York are greatly excited over the prospect of the passage of a bill placing all pawnbrokers' shops under police surveillance, and imposing largely augmented license fees.

The neighborhood of Orange Court-House, Va., is much excited over the alleged marriage of a young white man to a good-looking colored woman. The parties have long resided in the county.

Captain Fred Norman, the man who went across the Atlantic in a dory, now proposes to cross the ocean in a row-boat twelve feet long, four feet wide, and from two to two and a half feet deep. He thinks, if he isn't drowned, he can do it in 100 days.

Some of the stuff on sale in St. Louis as butter is shown by an official investigation to be made chiefly of lard. The oil is pressed out, and the remainder is colorless, odorless, and tasteless. The substance is called "neutral," and to it is added a little real butter to give it a flavor.

A young clergyman of Richmond, Va., accepted an invitation to marry a former sweetheart of his own to a more successful wooer. The ordeal proved too severe for him, and he faltered and swooned in the midst of the ceremony, which therefore had to be deferred several hours.

Ladies of the highest rank in England are again wearing their hair out short and curled. The most graceful way of adopting this fashion is to cut and friz the hair on the top of the head, and wear the rest in large, flowing curls, like a Charles I. wig.

Italy's recent census makes Naples the largest city, with a population of 490,000 in round numbers. Ravenna has 60,300. Between these two in population there are a score of cities. Milan is second largest, with 320,000 people. Rome has 306,000.

Another illustration of the value of advertising: A gentleman came into the *Concord* office late one night and advertised the loss of a valuable dog. When he reached home, fifteen minutes later, he found the dog sitting on the doorstep.—*Hartford Courant*.

A couple of sets of five-pronged deer horns were found on Tiger creek, Plumas county, California, a few days ago, so firmly locked together that it was impossible to separate them. As the skeletons were attached to the horns, it is evident that the deer were engaged in a desperate fight at the time of their death.

An Italian is trying to form a company to tunnel under Vesuvius in search of the streams of petroleum he states will be found there. Petroleum? Now we should have suspected that the base of Vesuvius would have been found full of supplies of the "crater," as the Irish call it.

A Russian has been looking about Douglas county, Oregon, in search of lands. He desires to find a suitable tract of from 12,000 to 18,000 acres, all in a body, for the colonization of four Russian societies, composed of about thirty-five families each, who are now residents of Dakota Territory.

The first step toward "Russification" Russia has been taken by altering the present uniform of the army to the ancient Russian costume, which consists of a sheepskin cap, a loose coat without buttons, and baggy trousers gathered into high boots. Promotion, too, is now denied to all officers of German descent.

One of the once wealthiest landlords in Connaght, who was well known in the hunting fields there before the Land League rose into power, is now driver of one of the London omnibuses plying between the Bank and Kilburn. He has been boycotted out of his belongings. He has taken very kindly to the knife brand, and looks fat and flourishing over his \$12.50 a week.

Paris lodging-house keepers do not intend that tenants shall die on their hands if they can help it. An honest gentleman past the meridian of life was recently refused a lease for which he was anxious to pay handsomely, for the simple reason that the person in charge judged by his appearance that his life would not be a long one, and the proprietor "could not afford to have a funeral on the premises."

The next issue of gold coinage from the English mint is to be stamped with a new die—only the second taken since the accession of Queen Victoria. It represents her Majesty with an imperial crown upon her head, and the likeness is that of the Queen of to-day, and not a reproduction of the young face which has so long looked out from British coin.

The English Wesleyan Conference has just issued a revised edition of the "Catechism for Children of Tender Years." In the original edition the child is taught to answer that hell is a dark and bottomless pit, full of fire and brimstone, where the bodies of the wicked are tormented by fire forever. In the revised edition, the name of hell is retained, but the rest of the words have disappeared.

A new office has been opened in the Pennsylvania Railroad station in Philadelphia. On it is the sign, "Bureau of Information," and at the open window stands a bland man, ready to answer all manner of questions about travel on the Pennsylvania and connecting lines. Whenever he gets stuck by a hard query he uses the telephone or telegraph to get the right reply. This is intended to relieve the other employees and accommodate the passengers.

A Chinese woman who had been so unfortunate as to lose her nose was recently fitted with a brand new one, made of celluloid, by a San Francisco dentist. When the operation had been completed she called for a mirror, and her delight at the improvement in her appearance knew no bounds. In a transport of gratitude she gave the dentist a handful of \$10 gold pieces, without stopping to count them, and ran off to show herself to her friends.

Garibaldi, bowed down by age and infirmities, presented a pitiable sight on his recent visit to Sicily to attend the celebration of the "Vespers." The difficulty of moving him from the railway coach to the carriage at Palermo caused him to be placed in the vehicle with his back to the horses, and it was thought best not to try to move him around. So he rode to the villa prepared for him backward and doubled up with his head on the knee of his wife, who sat opposite to him. In sympathy with his sufferings the 60,000 persons who had assembled to greet him attempted no demonstration, but stood in silence, with bared heads, as their illustrious guest passed among them.

Envy a Rich Man.

Perhaps the meanness which envy excites was never more vividly illustrated than by the remark of a whisky-loving Irishman. He and a comrade came across a drunken man lying on his face by the roadside. "He's dead!" said the comrade. "Dead?" answered the other, who had turned the man over and smelt his breath. "I wish I had just half his disease!"

Rogers, the poet and banker, once exhibited the fault-finding tendency so common when envy is aroused. He was at a party when a young duke was announced, who had just attained his majority. A chorus of compliments was heard. "How handsome!" "He's a man of talent!" "He has a hundred thousand pounds a year!" Rogers, who had been eyeing the young man with a manner which showed that he didn't relish the general admiration bestowed upon him, at last exclaimed, "Thank God, he has had teeth!"

Some years ago there lived a man in Philadelphia who was envied by hundreds. Jacob Ridgeway was worth five or six millions of dollars, a fortune which was then exceeded only by Girard's and Astor's. Now the most selfish sort of envy is that which makes a man unhappy in view of the wealth of another, and scores of men thus made themselves unhappy whenever they came in contact with Mr. Ridgeway. The following story shows how he repelled one who openly expressed this feeling:

"Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings every month!"

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat and wear more than a man's allowance and wear more than a suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"

"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you."

"What better off am I for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man, who is not blind, can do the same."

"I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you a young man, that the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be."

"All my wealth can't buy a single day more of life—cannot buy back my youth—cannot procure me power to keep off the hour of death, and then, what will I avail, when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

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GOING WEST.

L. Ft. St. Ignace	7.30 A. M.	10.30 A. M.
Newberry	9.35 "	1.35 P. M.
Mackinac	10.00 "	2.15 "
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